

Clothes Make the Man by Luddleston

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Summary:

Penny makes a curious observation about Simon's new wardrobe.

Simon realizes that his boyfriend is back to his old tricks. Plots! Schemes!
And he's fallen right into the trap.

Clothes Make the Man

Author's Note:

First time writing for Carry On and first time writing a fic in first person! Wow! I've written non-fic stuff in first person before, but god does it feel weird. Also, I'm usually not a present tense kinda guy so that was fun.

Anyway, AWTWB made me very happy so I gotta share some delight with the boys.

All Simon POV bc I'm not yet sure how to write Baz.

I'm at brunch with Penny when she first brings it up.

That's a thing we do now. Brunch. Except it's three P.M., so I'm pretty well certain this counts as tea, not brunch, but we're calling it brunch because it's Revenge Brunch.

Alright, so I'll explain Revenge Brunch:

I found out that Baz and Agatha started going to yoga and then brunch on a weekly basis. Yoga for reasons unknown, brunch so that they can complain about things that irritate them. I never thought Baz and Agatha would be friends, but as it turns out, mutual haughtiness breeds strong companionship. Also, they're both gay. (I once asked how Agatha could be, given that she and I were together, and recieved a long lecture on performative heterosexuality.)

I was a bit put out that I'm not invited to yoga and brunch. Alright, the yoga I can see, my wings would cause problems and my tail would cause more problems, but they're going to get *food* without me, and that seems unfair. Agatha drives all the way back from Watford for this. Baz says I can't go because I make sad eyes when they complain about people I like.

That's why Penny and I started Revenge Brunch. Baz and Agatha are not invited. Baz tried to come along once anyway and I let him join us at the table and gave him a kiss and asked him what he'd like to drink before I remembered he was not invited. He smirked like he took great pleasure in catching me in a moment of abject stupidity.

Anyway, we're at revenge brunch-turned-tea because Penny wasn't free this morning, when she puts her feet up on the bench on my side of the booth in this cafe we're visiting, and says, "Baz really has done a good job improving your wardrobe."

I tug at the collar of my shirt (because I'm actually wearing a shirt with a collar. And a coat with a collar. Naturally. I need something to fold my wings up beneath). "This is his, actually, I've just borrowed it." It's dark blue, short-sleeved because even though the weather's turned cooler, I still can't wear two layers of long sleeves, and it's got a bit of a print on it, leaves that look a little like sage.

She shakes her head. "No, Simon, that's yours."

"I stole it out of his half of the closet." He has a half of my closet now. Actually he has more than a half of my closet, because all I've got hanging up are a couple of pairs of nice trousers and matching shirts in solid colors that Mrs. Wellbelove gave me, which don't actually fit anymore and should probably be donated.

Penny's giving me a look like I've done something really stupid, and I can't even identify what I've done this time. "Simon. It's fitted to you perfectly, it's a color he never wears that looks remarkably good on you—"

"It's dark blue. Baz wears dark blue."

"Baz doesn't wear *that* dark blue," she argues, and she's right, isn't she? Baz wears purpley indigo, navy so dark it almost looks black, peacock blue that's got a hint of green in it. This is a sort of gray-blue. It's like you took the color of my eyes, the color of his, and mixed them together. I think that's why I like it. "And anyway, it must have short sleeves, you're not sweating. Baz never wears short sleeves."

Baz sometimes wears long sleeves rolled up to his elbows. It has almost the same effect on me as the fact that he never buttons them up all the way unless he's got a tie on, which he usually doesn't, not since school.

"You know I'm right," Penny says, downing the last of her tea and then setting the cup on the table with a *clunk* of finality. "Baz is buying clothes for you and then leaving them in his half of the closet for you to pilfer."

"Why would he do that?" I reach for Penny's last biscuit and she nudges the tray toward me, letting me snatch it.

"I don't know, I imagine he likes seeing you in his clothes or something," she said.

"He could just lend them to me as normal. He's done it before." On a number of occasions, actually. I'm well aware that he likes dressing me up. I sort of like him dressing me up, but this isn't the same.

Not really.

But it's like Penny said, all of the clothes I borrow fit me already. Of course, the first he'd done it (Christmas Eve, Hampshire, just after I pulled him out of a fire and then spent every moment I could kissing him) it had been a true coincidence, we were the same size. Not anymore.

"But that's not the point, is it?" Shepard chimes in. Shepard comes to Revenge Brunch-slash-Tea, but not for the Revenge portion of it. He just likes it because Penny's there. He's not really been participating in this whole conversation, of course, because he's got his nose in a book. Penny's magickal library is nowhere near as extensive as her parents', but it's Shepard's dream. I think he's done more reading on magic than I ever did in all my years at Watford.

I'm busy eating and so I don't ask him to elaborate on what the point is, but he does so anyway. Shepard's reliable like that.

"It's the 'Boyfriend Hoodie' thing." He makes air quotes. "You borrow your significant other's clothes, and it's cute and sweet, except that it wouldn't

work for you two because Baz doesn't seem the type for oversized hoodies, and you aren't the type for his usual wardrobe, so he's expanded said usual wardrobe specifically for you to borrow."

There's a sort of sense to it. I've never seen Baz wear any of the shirts that I borrow.

"Huh," I say, leaning back in my seat and thinking on it. "Maybe."

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It's more than a maybe. It's correct, I realize, as I poke through the closet after I get back from Revenge Brunch-slash-Tea. Baz is still in class. I used to think his wardrobe had no organizational system, but looking at it now, I'm pretty sure he puts together the things he likes to wear together—at least, I swear I've seen him in those trousers with that shirt.

I usually borrow things from the far end of the closet, thinking those are things he doesn't like to wear as much. As it turns out, those might just be things he puts there expressly for me. A quick glance at the labels tells me that Baz knows my size, and that his is different. I wouldn't be able to nick any of the stuff he wears, and not just because I don't like wearing lavender and burnt orange and floral prints.

I used to think that if Baz was out of uniform he'd dress like a goth. All black. Maybe it's the vampirism and the widow's peak and the hair color matching the surname. As it turns out, he likes color, and he knows how to make patterns that would look tacky as anything on me look handsome. He's what you call a *fashion icon*.

The fact that he does this, buys clothes for me so that I look nice, would be sweet if he didn't do it in such a *Bazzy* sort of way. He's *scheming*, that's what he's doing, except instead of plotting how to destroy me (was he ever plotting to destroy me?) he's plotting how to make me wear shirts with buttons.

Well.

I can plot right back, can't I?

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Most days, by the time Baz gets home, I'm no longer dressed like I'm going out. I'll have switched proper trousers for joggers, and I'm usually not bothering with a shirt (not even one of the ones Shep's found for me that has two zippers up the backs to leave room for my wings).

Today, I'm still wearing the outfit from tea. Well. Not 'still'. I took the shirt off in the interim, just to stretch my wings. They're folded up again now.

By the time Baz gets back, I'm throwing something together for dinner. My cooking's gotten better (admittedly, it couldn't have gotten much worse) but he still says I use too much butter. I believe there's no such thing as too much butter. It's a fundamental difference we work through.

I've also put the shirt back on. His shirt. My shirt, that he bought. Whoever's.

Usually, I don't bother to tuck my shirt in, even if it's a nice one. Having it buttoned up is enough, in my opinion. But I've got it tucked in today, and I've got a belt on—also borrowed from Baz, this one I have seen him wear, so it's truly stolen—and I have the sleeves cuffed. They're already short, so they hug the divide between my shoulder and bicep in a way that actually looks quite appealing.

Just to make the look extra Baz-like, I've undone the first two buttons. Sometimes, when it's summer out, and he feels he can get away with it, Baz undoes three. It makes me want to plant my face in his chest.

Sometimes, I *do* plant my face in his chest.

I can hear Baz at the door. He has the same routine every day, locks the door behind himself, kicks his shoes off, hangs his keys on the hook, drops his messenger bag on the coffee table (we have a coffee table now, thanks to another Ikea trip), and then he's on to find me. It's not like he needs to do

much searching. The flat has basically three rooms. And I know Baz can smell me. Sniffs me out like a bloodhound. Or like a vampire.

The usual routine leaves me enough time to reduce the heat on the curry I'm making so it doesn't bubble up while we're busy with more important things, such as: my plot.

When he comes into the kitchen, he gives me a startled look for just a moment. But it's that bare instant of surprise that lets me know I got one over on him, and I'm so pleased about it, truly. The surprise fades quick as it came, sliding into a self-satisfied grin.

"Well, Snow. I'd been hoping you'd take a page out of my book for years, and it seems you've finally done it."

"I've uncovered your plot." I tell him right away, because unlike Baz, I'm not really capable of holding out until the reveal would have the most possible impact.

"Which plot is that?" he takes a step closer. I take a step back. Then I stop, because he's going to back me into the wall if I keep going, and my wings are already folded up into their tiniest possible origami shape, and squishing them against the wall on top of that would be unpleasant. "I have several schemes going at once, you see," Baz tells me.

"You know, you'd think that once we got together, you'd stop scheming against me."

"I have a compulsive need to scheme," he said. "Might as well use it on you. Now: what plot have you uncovered?"

I gesture to myself, to the way I'm dressed. "The one to get me to look like this, obviously."

"And you're feeding right into it," he says. Cool as anything. For somebody who uses so much fire, he can pull off cool pretty damn well. It heats me up, because of course it does. Baz should have a Ph.D in getting under my skin.

"I'm not! I'm plotting back!"

He cocks his head to the side. "How so?"

"Clearly I am endeavoring to look so handsome that I drive you mad with desire and then you admit that I win."

"That you win what, exactly?"

I don't know what exactly I'd win, and I make several huffing noises that all make him grin.

"Why wouldn't my scheme involve you looking, what was it? 'So handsome you drive me mad with desire'? Obviously I want that, Snow."

Makes a bit of sense honestly.

Dammit.

I've played right into his trap, haven't I? Merlin and Morgana, if he really *was* trying to kill me, I think I'd be dead dozens of times over by now.

"Well, there's only one way out of this, isn't there?" He's still smiling. Bastard.

"A fight to the death?" I suggest, because it sounds like the sort of thing he'd offer.

"No, Simon, just kiss me until I forget all about my evil plots, obviously."

That, I can do.

Author's Note:

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